

Binder: None

Folder: None

Title: R.C.O.C. Song Sheets

Unit: Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps, Vancouver, British Columbia

Date: 1965

Description: Photocopied songbook containing general military songs,

Unit or Special-to-Corps songs, and Folk tunes and others.

Table of contents is incomplete, and pages may be missing (un)

Foreward by CGS MacDonald, Maj.; Area 00, HQ BC Area

Source: Getz Collection



R. A. O. C.

(B C AREA)

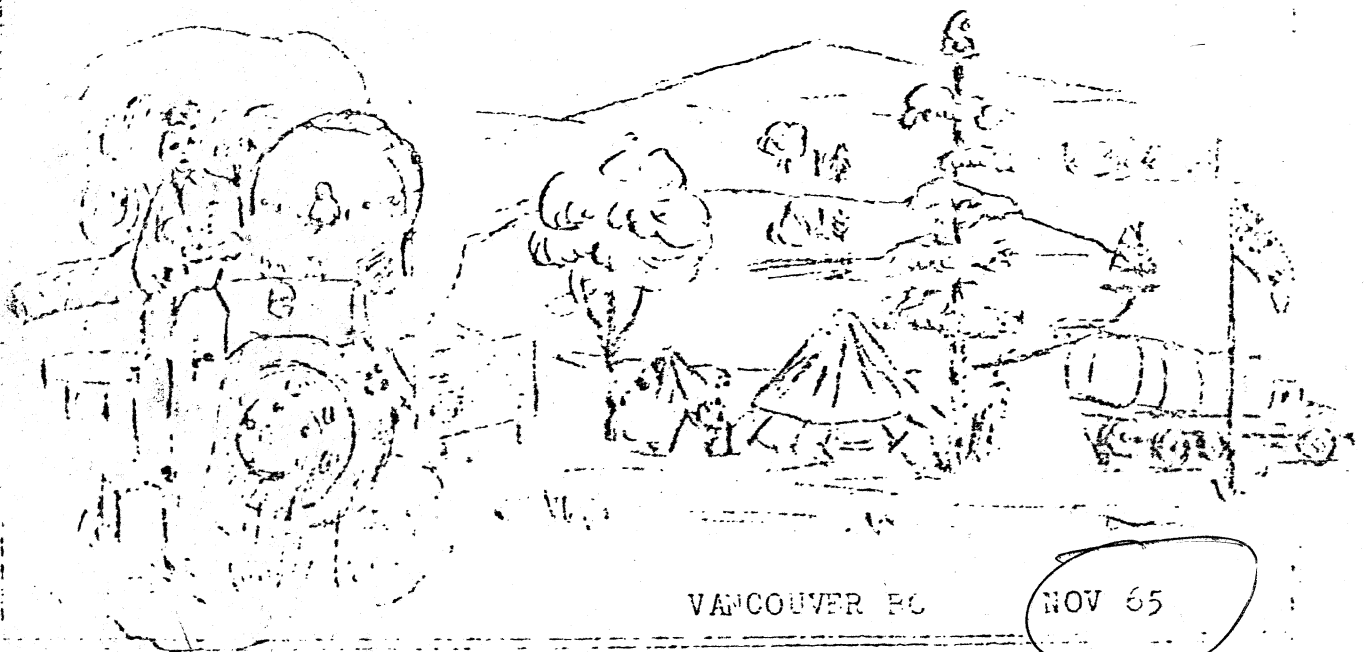
3 Area Ordnance Depot

'A' Coy 8 ORD BN

Vancouver
Vernon
Victoria
Nanaimo

The RCOC Component of
The Vancouver Service Bn, CA(M)

Shed



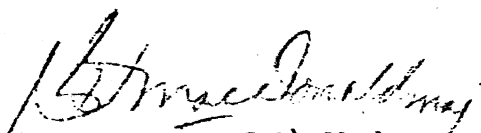
VANCOUVER BC

NOV 65

FOREWORD

During the 1965 CA(M) concentration at Vernon (Glenemma) BC it became apparent that many of the rousing military songs enjoyed by older members of the Army were of interest to but relatively unknown by those of younger years.

Although by no means comprehensive, this song sheet is dedicated to the principle that a "sing-along" of good old military (and pseudo-military) songs engenders a co-operative spirit and is a worthwhile aid to the maintenance of good morale.



(CGS MacDonald) Maj
Area 00, HQ BC Area

TABLE OF CONTENTS

This song sheet is made up of three sections:

PART I General Military Songs

PART II Unit or Special-to-Corps Songs

PART III Folk Tunes and Others.

<u>PART I</u>	<u>Page</u>
The Colonel	1
Mademoiselle from Armentieres	1
Quarter Master's Stores	2
LOB (Lili Marlene)	2
Onwards to the Po	3
Vive La Compagnie	3
You're Far Better Off in the Band	3
Sweetbriar was Never Like This	4
So Long Its Been Good to Know You	4
Korean Saki	5
Ghost Jumpers in the Sky	5
Alouette	6
South of the Sangro	6
The Road to the Isles	6
John Brown's Body	6
She Wears Silk Pajamas	7
Stand by Your Glasses Steady	7
Who Was the Man?	7
The Ice Worms' Song	8
The Glenwhorple Highlanders	8
Ich Bin Musiker	9
Bloody Well Dead	9
Roll Your Leg Over	9
Seven Old Ladies	10
The Chandler's Wife	10
The Caviar Song	11
Bell Bottom Trousers	11
The Man Who Comes to our House	12
The Drunken Sailor	12
I Ain't Gonna Grieve My Lord Nomo'	12
Cocaine Bill	13
A Young Canuck Soldier	13
Keep Your Head Down Fritzie Boy	14
He Ain't Gonna Jump No More	14
Ain't It All a Ruddy Shame	

PART II

Rig-A-Dam-Doo	15
So Clear the Way	15
Who Was the Man?	15
The Patricia's Hymn	16
The RCR Song	16
We Are Moving On	16
The Engineer's Song	16
O'er the Hills of Sicily	17
March Past of Royal 22nd	18
The Shiny Two Brigade	18

THE COLONEL

Has anyone seen the Colonel? I know where he is,
I know where he is, I know where he is,
Has anyone seen the Colonel?
I know where he is,
He's dining with the Brigadier,
How do you know?
I saw him, I saw him, dining with the Brigadier,
I saw him, dining with the Brigadier.

Has anyone seen the Major?
He's down in the deep dug out,

Has anyone seen the Captain?
He's off on six weeks leave

Has anyone seen the subaltern,
He's out on a night Patrol

Has anyone seen the Sergeant?
He's drinking up the Private's rum

Has anyone seen the Corporal?
He's hanging on the old barb wire

Has anyone seen the Private?
He's holding up the whole damn
line.

MADemoiselle FROM ARMENTIERES

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parlez-vous? (repeat)

You didn't have to know her long
To know the reason men go wrong!

I've toured the world and sailed the seas
But she beats them all on a hug or squeeze

She gave a wink, and said "Cui, oui"
Oh firemen turn the hose on me

She'd never wink, and never flirt
But how she waved the back of her skirt

She wore her dresses awful loose
And wagged her headlights and caboose

She could drink a barrel there is no doubt
She was still going strong when I passed out

She used a funnel to down the stuff
She never was known to get enough

She could swallow a barrel of sour red wine
And eat up a hog without peeling the rind

Oh she could drink to beat the deuce
When she got tight, she sure got loose

She promised me a billet pure
And led me to a pile of manure

She looked high-class but when she undressed
She's just the same as all the rest

She'll do it for wine, she'll do it for rum
And sometimes for chocolate or chewing gum

She's the hardest-working girl in town,
But she makes her living upside down

A skin like silk, a heart like bronze
She gyped me out of my Liberty Bonds

Oh Frenchman have you a daughter free
Who'll go with me to gay Paree?

Oh Frenchman have you a daughter pure
Who'll dirty her skirts in a pile of manure?

From gay Paree he heard guns roar
But all he learned was "Jo t'adore"

The first three months and all was well
The second three months she began to swell
The third three months a bouncing boy
And all their hearts were filled with joy!

Her story is sad, oh read it and weep
She fell in a well and they buried her cheap!

The poor old wine we'll have to drape
With ribbons fine and dull black crepe

In Heaven I hope she's gone to stay
But I fear she went the other way

We're back in civilian life again, parlez vous (repeat)
There's many a man with a marriage vow
Who'd like to be back in the Army now
Hinky-dinky parlez vous.

QUARTER MASTER'S STORES

There are rats, rats, big as alley cats,
In the stores, in the stores,
There are rats, rats, big as alley cats,
In the Quarter Master's stores.

My eyes are dim I cannot see
I have not brought my specs with me,
I have not brought my specs with me.

There are socks, socks, dirty, smelly socks, etc

There is beer, beer, that fills you full of cheer, etc

LOB (NEW BARBERS)

As through the mud you drag your weary feet
Underneath your curls your heart has ceased to beat.
No matter what becomes of thee, I'll
always laugh and sing with glee
For I am LOB - For I am LOB.

When you hear the chatter of the spendaus in the night
And it makes you wonder if your cause is right.
No matter how afraid you are
You'll find me at the nearest bar
For I am LOB - For I am LOB.

When you hear the rumbles, moaning loud and clear
Shaking up your insides and landing mighty near
That is the time I know not fear
As I drink up your EFI beer
For I am LOL - For I am LOB.

makes me think WWI
origin -
WWII was
"Schwarzs"

When you meet the Wehrmacht across the next canal
That is the time I wish you well, Ol' Pal.
When you go into that attack
Think of me, I'm ten miles back
For I am LOB - For I am LOB.

When you hear the Tigers grinding by your slit
Makes you start to wonder if its time to quit,
Just think of me in gay Paree
With some French wench upon my knee
For I am LOB - For I am LOB.

ONWARDS TO THE PO (Tune of Lili Marlene)

We will debouch into the valley of the Po
We will strike the Hun a mighty blow
We will debouch into the Po
And this we know, for corps so
Onwards, to Bologna, onwards to the Po.

We'll unleash the recce, we will let them go
We know the mighty machine Is very slow
But though they're lagging far behind
We'll be there, to smash that line
Onwards to Bologna, onwards to the Po.

Four British Div is trailing in our wake
We relieve the towns that they're supposed to take
They'll get the houses free of rent
While we are living in our tent,
Onwards to Bologna, onwards to the Po.

Eleven Bde is sitting on our right
We really wonder if they're ever going to fight
We have been waiting so goddam long
We just sat down, and wrote this song
Onwards to Bologna, onwards to the Po.

VIVE LA COMPAGNIE

Let every good fellow fill up his glass,
Vive la Compagnie!
And drink to the health of our glorious class,
Vive la Compagnie!

Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour
Vive la, vive la, vive la vie, vive le roi, vive la reine!
Vive la Compagnie!

Let each married man drink to his wife
Vive la Compagnie!
The joy of his bosom and plague of his life,
Vive la Compagnie.

Since all with good humour you've toasted so free
Vive la Compagnie
I hope it will please you to drink now with me
Vive la Compagnie.

YOU'RE FAR BETTER OFF IN THE BAND

Roll up your blankets, ready for Kit Inspection
Here comes the Major Bloke looking in my direction
Clean out your rifle, to show your thumb's reflection,
Ruddy big pack, breaking my back, Ain't it grand.

Oh, you're far better off in the band,
Oh, you're far better off in the band,
You're far better off, yes, far better off,
You're far better off in the band.

SWEETBRIAR WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

Dear father this Army's one hell of a place
The things that go on are a ruddy disgrace
There's Majors and Captains and WO2s
With their hands in their pockets and nothing to do.

Look away, heave a line,
Look away, heave a line,
Sweetbriar was never like this,
La Di Da, La Di Do
Sweetbriar was never like this.

Up on Sweetbriar they played lots of games,
Built great big snowmen got tossed out of planes
When they were frozen, near half to death
They packed up their garbage and bloody well left.

Now in our battalion they have NCOs
Where they got their stripes from God only knows
They rant and they rave, they holler and shout
They talk about things they know nothing about.

Now out in Korea they said we'd do well
But up until now it ain't been any hell
History was made on the night we were hit
We're the first to be blinded by their chicken

Now in our battalion they wear brown jump boots
They wear tailored trousers, and really look "zoot"
They were cherry berrys, of which they are proud
They all have big mouths and are too bloody loud.

SO LONG ITS BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU

I walked down the street with nothing to do
And saw a big sign saying "Rocky needs you"
I wondered, I wondered who Rocky could be
And now I am sailing far over the sea

So long it's been good to know you
So long it's been good to know you
So long it's been good to know you
It's a long time since I've been home
And I've got to be rolling along.

A young Canuck soldier on Tokyo leave
Was met by a Provost who said "Pardon me,
There's mud on your tunic, there's blood on your sleeve
I'll just have to cancel your R & R leave"

O Provost O Provost the army's disgrace
I've come from Korea, one hell of a place
Where whizbangs are flying and comforts are few,
And brave men are dying for baskets like you.

Now Provost, O Provost if you're half a man,
You'll take off that armband and go to Pusan
Where the mountains are rugged and a man is a man
And he don't hide from bullets way back in Japan.

*Different tone
not "Pinky Die"
again,*

KOREAN SAKI (Tune: Cigarettes, Whiskey and Wild Wild Women)

I enlisted last August to come to this place
With a resolute heart and a smile on my face
But now that I've been here six months I'll tell you
Of Pom Pom and Saki and what it'll do.

Don't touch that Godam Korean Saki
It'll drive you crazy, it'll drive you insane
Don't touch that Godam Korean Saki
It'll drive you crazy, it'll drive you insane.

I once was a clean cut Canadian lad
My morals weren't good but they ~~really~~ weren't bad
Now the lines on my face make a well written page
My hair's falling out and I look twice my age.

It all started back at a place called Miryang,
We were CD'd but I went with the gang
We jumped camp and went to a house of ill fame
Where the women all drank and we learned a new game

Those nights on the hill they were colder than ice
So when canned heat they gave us, we thought it was nice
We squeezed it and boiled it and drank it with glee
Much worse by far the Korean Saki.

There on the cross at the head of my grave
From Pom-Pom and Saki, here lies a poor slave
Take warning O Soldier take warning young man
Stay away from Korea as long as you can.

GHOST JUMPERS IN THE SKY (Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky)

An old jumper went walking out one dark and stormy night
He heard some motors roaring and he knew it was a kite
He heard the jumpers singing as they flew on thru the night
They knew their fate was coming, but they sang with all their might.

"Geronimo! Look out below
The Ghost Jumpers in the Sky.

The dispatcher just stood there looking like he'd lost his mind
The jumpers sprang out of their seats and grabbed the anchor line
And as they closed up to the door, you'd hear their mournful whine

"Geronimo! Look out below
The Ghost Jumpers in the Sky.

Their eyes were dim, their faces gaunt
Their smocks were soaked in sweat
They hated jumping worse than death but they're still jumping yet.
So Jumper change your ways today, and believe this story true
You'll never know when you will join those jumpers in the blue
"Geronimo! Look out below
The Ghost Jumpers in the Sky.

He stood there tensely looking up, he heard one call his name
"If you would join our hellish world, get set and jump again
A bolt of fear went through him as he heard the screams of pain
He knew that he was going to fail, he'd never jump again.

"Geronimo etc

ALOUETTE

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette je te plumerai
Je te plumerai la tete, je te plumerai la tete,
Et la tete, Et la tete, Alouette, Alouette Ah
Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette je te plumerai.

Et le bec (nose)
Et les yeux (eyes)
Et le dos (back)
Et les pattes (feet)
Et le cou (neck)
Et les jambes (legs)

SOUTH OF THE SANGRO (Tune: South of the Border)

South of the Sangro, Down Echelon way,
That's where the Wops and quartermasters stay.
A quiet night told me, Its better to stay
South of the Sangro, Down Echelon Way.

Ortona is peaceful, it's back of the line
The Provost are nailing, The Out-of-Bounds sign
The "odd 88" tells me, Its better to stay
South of the Sangro, Down Echelon Way.

You may seek, you may search, You won't find him
He is there where Tedeschi Can't shell him
No ammunition or rations or petrol
Will come forward while shall fly

South of the Sangro, Down Echelon Way, etc.

THE ROAD TO THE ISLES

There's a far croonin' that is pullin' me awa'
As tak I wi' ma cromak to the road;
Oh the far Coolins they are puttin' love on me,
As step I wi' the sunshine for me load.

Refrain:

Sure, by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Lochaber I will go
By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wiles,
If its thinkin' in your innert heart, braggarts in my step,
You've never smelt the tangle o' the Isles.
Oh, the far coolins are puttin' love on me,
As step I wi' my cromak to the Isles.

Shiel water the track the is to the west
By Aillort and by Morar to the sea,
The cool cresses I am thinkin' o' to pluck
And bracken for a wink on Mother's knee.

Refrain:

The blue Islands are pullin' me awa',
Their laughter puts the leap upon the lame,
The blue Islands from the Skerries to the Leas,
Wi' beather honey taste on each name.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

John Brown's body lies amould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies amould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies amould'ring in the grave,
His soul goes marching on!

*Sometimes provided
by British
Command, etc.*

Chorus:

Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
His soul is marching on!

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men so true
And he frightened old Virginia till she trembled through and through
They hung him for a traitor, themselves the traitor crew
But his soul is marching on!

The stars of Heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of Heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of Heaven are looking kindly down,
On the grave of old John Brown.

Now has come the glorious jubilee,
Now has come the glorious jubilee,
Now has come the glorious jubilee,
When all mankind are free!

SHE WEARS SILK PYJAMAS (Tune: John Brown's Body)

She wears her silk pyjamas in the summer when its hot
She wears her flannel nighties in the winter when its not
And sometimes in the springtime and sometimes in the fall
She crawls between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Glory how I'd like to be there,
Glory how I'd like to be there,
Glory how I'd like to be there,
In the springtime and in the fall.

STAND BY YOUR GLASSES STEADY

Oh stand by your glasses steady,
Then this would be a world full of lies
And we'll drink to the dead already
And hurrah for the next man to die.
Betrayed by the Country that bore us,
Oh! betrayed by the Land that we love,
Now so many have you before us
And they live in the skies up above.

So stand by your glasses - - - - -
Beneath these now-hung rafters,
Lie the ghosts of the lads that we loved.
Now so many have you before us,
And they live in the skies up above.

S o stand by your glasses - - - - -

WHO WAS THE MAN?

Who was the man who invented the war?
Why did he do it and what was it for?
Ships in the ocean and ships in the air,
Silly old blighter, he ought to be there.

Chorus:

You're alright in the ASC, Drunk every night in the cavalry
But when you're in the Infantry, Its sans fait re, soins fait rain.

Who was the man who said "Parade stand at Ease?"
Carry on with the inspection, gentlemen, please?
See that their buttons are shiny and bright,
For that is the way we teach them to fight.

THE ICE WORM'S SONG

In the land of the pale blue snow, where its ninety-nine below
And the polar bear goes roaming oe'r the plain
In the shadow of the pole, I will clasp her to my soul
We'll be happy when the Ice Worms next again.

There's a husky dusky maid in the Arctic,
In the Arctic she is waiting there in vain
Some day I'll pull my Mukluks on and ask her,
If she'll wed me when the Ice Worms nest again.

Our wedding feast will be on seal oil 'n blubber,
In our kyak we'll go roaming oe'r the main
All the walrusses will turn their heads to rubber
We'll be happy when the Ice Worms nest again.

Some night 'bout half past two, I will climb in my igloo
After sitting with a friend who was in pain
She'll be waiting there with a ham bone of a bear
And she'll swat me where the Ice Worms nest again.

THE GLENWHORPLE HIGHLANDERS

There's a braw fine regiment as ilka mon should ken;
They are deevils at the fechten, they ha'e clured a sicht o' men
And ha'e uppit mucklewhusky, when the canteen they were ben
The Hielan men frae auld Glenwhorple.

Chorus:

Heuch. Glenwhorple Hielan men, Great strong whusky suppin Hielan men
Hard workin, hairy leggit Hielan men, Slainte mhor, Glenwhorple.

They were foonded by McAdam wha of a' the men was first
He resided in Glenedn, whaur he pipit like to burst
Wig a fig leaf for a sporrán, and a perfect Hielan thirst
Till he stole awa' the Paiples frae Glenwhorple.

When the watters o' the deluge drookit a' the warald o'er
The Colonel O' the regiment, his name was Shaun McNoh
Sae a muckle boat he biggit and he sneekit up the door,
And they sailed awa' frae drooned Glenwhorple.

And syne he sent a corporal and ga'd him find the land
Wha returned wi' an empty whusky bottle in his hand
Sae they kent the flood was drying, he was fu ye understand
For he foond a public hoose abune the watter.

When the good King Solomon was ruler o' the glen
He had a hundred pipers and thoosand fechten men
And a mighty fine establishment I ha'e nae doot ye ken
For he kept a sicht o' wives in auld Glenwhorple.

Then there cam a birkie bangster, wha chieftain o' the clan
His name it was ta Wallace an' he was a fechten man,
An' he harried a' the border, an' awa the Southron ran
Frae the dingin o' the claymores o' Glenwhorple.

Then the bonnie pipes are skirlin, an' the lads are on parade
In the braw Glenwhorple tartan, wi the claymore an' the plaid
When the sergeant-major's sober, an' the colonel's no afraid
O' sec' in tartan spiders in Glenwhorple.

Eh, a bonnie sicht they mak, but gin the canteenye gan ben
When the morne parade is over, she'll be fu' o' drunken men
An' a thoosand canty kilties will be stottin' down the glen
For they drink a power o' whuskey in Glenwhorple.

ICH BIN MUSIKER

Ich bin musiker: ich komm ausden vaterland,
Ich kann spielen - was kannst du spielen,
Auf meine viola.

Chorus:

VIO-VIO-VIOLA, VIO-VIO-VIOLA, VIO-VIO-VIOLA
VIO-VIOLA.

Repeat above with the following:

Zumbaza - ZUMBA-ZUMBA-ZUMBAZA
Telephone - HALLO-HALLO-HALLO-HALLO
Trumpet - RA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA
Super Sude - SUPER-SUPER-SUPERSUDS
Girlfriend - HUBBA-HUBBA-HUBBAHA
O'Keefes - GLUG-GLUG-GLUG-GLUG
Rhumbala - RHUMBA-RHUMBA-RHUMBARA
Luaghala - HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA.

BLOODY WELL DEAD

Look at old Grand-ma, stiff in her coffin

Chorus:

Ain't it grant to be bloody well dead
Let's not have a sniffle
Let's have a bloody good cry,
And always remember, the longer you live
The sooner you are going to die.
Look at the Parson - Bloody big collar

Chorus:

Look at the mourners - Bloody big liars

Chorus:

Look at the choir-boys - bloody big tonsils
Look at the flowers - bloody well wilted
Look at the hearse - bloody big tires
Look at the people - bloody big picnic
Look at the tombstone - bloody big boulder
Look at the grave - bloody big hole
Look at old Mortis - bloody well Rigor.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

I wish all the girls were like little red vixens
And I was a fox, then I'd certainly fix 'em.

Chorus:

Roll your leg over, Oh, roll your leg over,
Oh roll your leg over, The man in the moon.

I wish all the girls were like cows in the pasture,
And I was a bull, I would run that much faster.
I wish all the girls were like sheep in the clover,
And I was a ram, then I'd ram them all over.
I wish all the girls were like little white kittens,
And I was a tom cat, I wouldn't wear mittens.
I wish all the girls would stay off the hills,
And stick to the chesterfield for their thrills.
I wish all the girls were like swans on the ocean,
And I was a drake, oh, I'd keep them in motion.
I wish all the girls were like little brown seals
And I was a walrus, I'd know how it feels.
I wish all the girls were like Hedy Lamarr,
I'd work half as hard and get twice as far.

I wish all the girls were really good skiers,
Instead of beer drinkers and constant pee-crs.
I wish all the girls were like tracks on the railways,
And I was a foreman, I'd lay them the right way.

SEVEN OLD LADIES

Chorus:

Oh dear, what can the matter be, Eight old ladies locked in the
lavatory
They were there from Monday 'till Saturday, Nobody knew they were there.

The first old lady, Elizabeth Porter, She was the Bishop of Chichester's
daughter,
She merely went in to get rid of some water, and nobody knew she was there.

The second old lady, Elizabeth Bender, she merely went in to adjust her
suspenders,
It snapped up and injured her feminine gender,
And nobody knew she was there.

The third old lady, Elizabeth Humphrey, she tried to get up, but could
not get her bum free
She said "I don't mind" cause I'm really quite comfy"
And nobody knew she was there.

The fourth old lady, Elizabeth Clancy, went in to find out what had
tickled her fancy
And she found that her trouble was ants in her pants
And nobody knew she was there.

The fifth old lady, Elizabeth Boomer, went in to find out what was
wrong with her bloomer,
She wished she had got there a little bit sooner,
And nobody knew she was there.

The sixth old lady, Elizabeth Draper, Ran in to avoid a man trying
to make her,
And when she got there, there was no toilet paper,
And nobody knew she was there.

The seventh old lady, Elizabeth Breen, she went to the toilet one
night in a dream,
And when she got there, boy! that was no dream,
And nobody knew she was there.

The eighth old lady, Elizabeth Foyle, she hadn't been living according
to Hoyle,
She worried but the swelling was only a boil,
And nobody knew she was there.

Chorus:

The janitor came in on Saturday morning,
He unlocked the chamber without any warning,
He completely collapsed when they came out swarming
At last someone knew they were there.

THE CHANDLER'S WIFE (Tune: The Thing)

A man went into a Chandler Shop, some matches for to buy
And when he got into the shop, Nobody did he spy
And as he turned upon his heel, and toward the door he sped
Oh, he heard the sound of a Rat-a-tat-tat, Right above his head.
Repeat! Oh, he . . .
Now this young man was a bold young man, so up the stairs he sped
And very surprised was he to see, the Chandler's wife in bed
And with her was a nice young man, of a very considerable size
And they were having a Rat-a-tat-tat, right before his eyes.
Repeat - and they were having . . .

When the fun was over and done, the maiden raised her head
And very surprised was she to find, the young man by her bed,
If you will keep my secret, sir, if you will be so kind
You can always stop in for a Rat-a-tat-tat, whenever you feel
inclined

Repeat - you can always - - - -
Now married men, take my advice, and when you go to town
Don't leave your wife to do as she likes, but always tie her down.
You never may know what thoughts may lie, deep down in her innocent mind
Oh, she may be having a Rat-a-tat-tat, whenever she feels inclined.
Repeat - Oh, she may be - - -

THE CAVIAR SONG (Tune - Ruben and Rachel)

Caviar comes from virgin sturgeon, Virgin sturgeon is fine fish
Very few virgins need any urgin', that's why caviar is my dish.

I fed caviar to my girl friend, she was a virgin tried and true
Now this virgin needs no urgin', there is nothing she won't do.

Shad roe comes from harlot shad fish, shad fish has a sorry fate
Pregnant shad fish is a sad fish, gets that way without a mate.

Give one thought to the cod fish, always there when duty calls
Female cod fish is an odd fish, from them too come cod fish balls.

The trout is just a little salmon, but halfgrown and minus scales
But the trout as well as salmon, get along without its tail.

Oysters they are fishy bivalves, they have young ones in their shell
How they diddle is a riddle, we don't know so what the hell.

The green sea turtle's bride is happy, with her lover's winning ways
First he'll grip her with his flipper, and flips and grips for many days.

Lucky fishes are the ray fish, when for young ones they essay
Yes my hearties, they have parties, in the good old fashioned way.

Mrs Clam is optimistic, shoots her eggs out in the sea
Hopes her suitor as a shooter, hits the self same spot as she.

I fed caviar to my grandpa, he's the age of ninety-three
Shouts of joy came from grandma, he had chased her up a tree.

I fed caviar to my uncle, he's the age of ninety-eight
Now he chases 'round with women, and has been arrested twice for rape.

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

Bell bottom trousers, coats of navy blue,
He'll climb the riggin' like his daddy used to do.
When I was a lady's maid, Down in Drury Lane
My mistress she was good to me, my master was the same.
Along came a sailor, happy as could be
And he was the cause of, all my misery.

He asked me for a candle, to light him up to bed,
He asked me for a kerchief, to tie around his head,
And I like a silly girl, thinking it no harm
Slipped right in the sailor's bed, to keep the sailor warm.

Early in the morning, before the break of day
A one pound note he gave to me, and this to me did say:
Maybe you'll have a daughter, maybe you'll have a son,
Take this, my darling, for damage I have done,

If it is a daughter, bounce her on your knee,

And if it is a son, send the beggar out to sea.
Singing bell bottom trousers, coats of navy blue
He'll climb the riggin', like his daddy used to do.

THE MAN WHO COMES TO OUR HOUSE

The man who comes to our house, he's very nice
He comes in the summer time to bring Mama ice
The teeny-weeny piece he brings soon melts away
And he has to come back later in the day.

Chorus:

There's a man that comes to our house, every single day
Papa comes home and the man goes away,
Papa does the work and mamma gets the pay
And the man comes around when Papa goes away.

There's a man who comes to our house, he comes to get the trash
In a little white jacket and his little black mustache
It sounds very strange but it always seems to me
He's a little more familiar than he really ought to be.

There's a man who comes to our house, he comes to bring the milk
He walks right in the kitchen and he talks as smooth as silk
I always have to hold his horse - outside the gate
He always wants to stay so long, the horse don't want to wait.

Chorus:

Oh when I grow up I'm never going to be, a plumber or a carpenter, no siree
I'll never be a doctor with an office downtown, No, I'd rather be just
the man who comes around.

THE DRUNKEN SAILOR

What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor,
Early in the morning.

Hooray, up she rises,
Hooray, up she rises,
Hooray, up she rises,
Early in the morning.

Put him in the long boat till he's sober,
Put him in the long boat, etc

Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
Put him in the bilge and make him drink it.
Put him in a leaky boat and make him bale her.
Tie him to the scuppers with the hose pipe on him.
Shave his belly with a rusty razor.
Tie him to the topmast while she's yardarm under.
Heave him by the leg in a runnin bowlin'.
Keel haul him until he's sober.
That's what we do with the drunken sailor.

I AIN'T GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD NOMO

You'll never get to heaven (Chorus repeat)
In a rocking chair
Get on yo' knees
And say a prayer.

Chorus:

You'll never get to heaven in a rocking chair
Get on yo' knees, and say a prayer
O' I ain't gonna grieve, My Lord no mo'

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no mo'
I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no mo'
I ain't gonna g-r-i-e-v-e my Lord no mo'.

You'll never get to heaven, on roller skates
You'll roll right by, dose pearly gatos.

You'll never get to heaven, on a pair of skis
You'll schuss right by, St Peter's knees.

You'll never get to heaven, on the B & O
'Cause the gol' darn thing, goes too slow.

You can't chew tobacco, on the golden shore
'Cause the Lord ain't got no cuspidor.

If you get to heaven, before I do
Just bore a hole, and pull me through.

COCAINE BILL

Cocaine Bill and Morphine Sue, strolling down the avenue, two by two
Oh, baby won't you have a little (sniff) On me, have a (sniff) on me.
Said Sue to Bill, "I won't do no harm, if we both just have a little
shot in the arm".
Said Bill to Sue, "I can't refuse, 'cause there's no more kick in
this darned ol' booze."
So they walked down Fifth and they turned up Main,
Looking for a shop where they sold cocaine.

They came to a drug store full of smoke,
Where they saw a little sign sayin', "No more coke".

(slowly) Now in the graveyard on the hill,
Lies the body of Cocaine Bill.

And in a grave right by his side,
Lies the body of his cocaine bride.

(faster) All o' you cokies is a-gwine to be dead
If you don't stop a (sniff)ing that stuff in yo' head.

A YOUNG CANUCK SOLDIER

1. A young Canuck soldier on Tokyo leave,
Was stopped by a Provost who said pardon me,
There's blood on your tunic there's mud on your sleeve
I'll just have to cancel your seven days leave.

Chorus:

Look away, Look away, Sweetbrier was never like this, tra la la,
tra la la,
Sweetbrier was never like this.

2. Oh Provost Oh Provost if you were a man,
You'd take off that arm band and come to Pusan,
Where bullets are flying and comforts are few,
And people are dying for - - - - -s like you.
3. Oh Provost Oh Provost if you have a will
I'll take you up front and we'll go on a hill
There's 187 and 355 where good men are fighting
And giving their lives.

"Dinky Die"
once more!

RIG-A-DAM-DOO

The Princess Pat's Battalion, they sailed across the herring pond
They sailed across the Channel too, and landed there with the Rig-A-Dam-Doo.

The Princess Pat's Battalion scouts, they never knew their whereabouts
If there's a pub within a mile or two, You'll find them there with the Rig-A-Dam-Doo.

The Lewis guns are always true, To every call of the Rig-A-Dam-Doo
They're always there with a burst or two, Whenever they see the Rig-A-Dam-Doo.

The bombers of the Princess Pat's, Are scared of nought, excepting rats
They're full of pop and dynamite too, They'd never lose the Rig-A-Dam-Doo.

The transport of the Princess Pat's, Are all dressed up in Stetson hats,
They shine their brass and limbers too, I believe they'd shine the Rig-A-Dam-Doo.

Old Number Three, our company, We must fall in ten times a day
If we fell out 'twould never do, For then we'd lose the Rig-A-Dam-Doo.

Old Charlie S., our Major dear, Who always buys us rum and beer
If there's a trench or two to do, You'll find him there with the Rig-A-Dam-Doo.

Old Ackity-Ack, our Colonel grand, The leader of this noble band
He'd go to hell and charge right through, Before he'd lose the Rig-A-Dam-Doo.

Old Hammy Gault, our first PP, He led this band across the sea
He'd lose an arm, or leg or two, Before he'd lose the Rig-A-Dam-Doo.

In '48 the Princess Pats, Went out to earn their wings and hats
They jumped from planes and gliders too, To show their pride in the Rig-A-Dam-Doo.

Stand up! Hook up! Stand in the door, The Pat's are first as they were before
Across the seas or through the blue, You'll find in front the Rig-A-Dam-Doo.

The Rig-A-Dam-Doo, pray what is that? 'twas made at home by Princess Pat
Its Red and Gold and Royal Blue, That's what we call the Rig-A-Dam-Doo.

SO CLEAR THE WAY

So clear the way for the men of the PPCLI,
We're stalwart men, stout hearted men
And we know we cannot go wrong,
We fear no foe, As on we go
In the fight for liberty,
We're all for one, and one for all,
Marching along to Victory.

In every outpost of our Empire,
There flies a flag that makes us free
As we go marching ever onward
Side by side, in unity
And all the lads who fought for freedom
In every land from sea to sea
We're all for one and one for all
Marching along to Victory.

WHO WAS THE MAN?

Who was the man who invented the War? Why did he do it and what was it for?
Ships in the ocean and ships in the air, Silly old blighter, he ought to be there.

Chorus:

You're alright in the R.A.S.C., Drunk every night in the Cavalry,
But when you're in the Infantry, It's sanfary, sanfary ann.

Who was the man who said "P'rade, stand at ease"?
On with the Inspection, Gentlemen, please

See that their buttons are shiny and bright,
For that is the way we teach them to fight.

You're alright in the R.A.S.C., etc

THE PATRICIA'S HYMN (with apologies to the US Marines)

From the Halls of Montezuma, to the shores of Tripoli
There's a pile of Yankoo BC, and it means nothing to me.
They say they rule the Pacific, they couldn't rule Sarcco,
They're a bunch of BS-ing baskets, the United States marines.
And if the RCR and Van Doo, Ever look into the skies
They will find the hills are guarded, by the PPCLI.

SECOND BATTALION THAT IS.

THE RCR SONG

The RCR refuse to fight, unless their brass is shining bright
If running shoes they have two pair, when battle starts they won't be
there.

So raise the flag of blue and gold, They shiver cause their feet are cold
But for whiskey, beer or muscatel, the RCR would go to hell.

WE ARE MOVING ON (RCR Version)

3 RCR are over here, Drinking that old Asahi beer
But we're moving on, to old Pusan
We're moving fast and far, down the MSR, we're moving on.

3 RCR is here to stay, 1 RCR is gone away

Now the Imjin River is mighty high, Fourteen bridges went floatin' by.

There's an old momma-san comin' down the track, With one titty out and a
baby on her back.

The Chinks came up on 355, The Pats bugged out on the other side.

Hear the pitter-patter of little feet, It's the 3rd Vandoos in full retreat.

They're getting too close to my listen' post, I think I'll bug out for the
old south coast.

We've fired them mortars and we've fired them guns, and we've crawled all
over them paddy buns.

Roger Battery is in support, Pull in your head, they're falling short.

You may think it's good in Yang-Dong Po, but wait till you get to TORONTO.

THE ENGINEER'S SONG (Tune: John Brown's Body)

The Army and the Navy, They went out to have some fun
They went to all the taverns, To have a tot of rum.
But the bars they found were empty, For the Engineers had come
And traded all their instruments, For gallon jugs of rum.

Chorus:

We are, we are, we are, we are,
We are, the Engineers
We can, we can, we can, we can, Donclish forty beers.
Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum, drink rum,
And come along with us.

Cause we don't give a damn for any damn man
Who don't give a damn for us.

Godiva was a lady, Who through Coventry did ride,
To show to all the villagers, Her lovely lilly white hide.

The most observant man of all, An Engineer of course
Was the only man who noticed, that Godiva rode a horse.

She said "I've come a long long way, the man will go as far
Who'll take me off this bloody horse, and load me to a bar"
The man who took her from her steed, and stood her to a beer
Was a bloated eyed surveyor, and a drunken Engineer.

Chorus:

Sir Francis Drake and all his men, Set sail from Calais Bay
A-waiting for a rummy fleet, headed out that way
Engineers had beat them, by a night and half a day
And though as drunk as they could get, you still could hear them say
Chorus:

My father was a miner, from the upper Malenuto
My mother was a mistress, in a house of ill repute
They kicked me out at a tender age, and never shed a tear
So I said to hell with both of them, and joined the Engineers.
Chorus:

She wears her flannel nightie, in the summer when its hot
She wears her silk pyjamas, in the winter when its not
And some time in the springtime, and sometime in the fall
She climbs right in between the sheets, with nothing on at all.
Glory how I'd like to be there, Glory how I'd like to be there
Glory how I'd like to be there, in the springtime and in the fall.

O'ER THE HILLS OF SICILY (Tune: Waltzing Matilda)

O'er the hills of Sicily, Up to the toe of Italy
Came the Loyal Edmontons from over the sea
And they sang as they stuffed, the bully in their haversacks
Who'll come a-marching to Berlin with me?

Chorus:

Marching to Berlin, Marching to Berlin, Who'll come a-marching to Berlin
with me?

And they sang as they stuffed the bully in their haversacks
Who'll come a-marching to Berlin with me?

First we met the Wop and then we bumped Tedeschi
He stopped at Artona and so did we
But by the New Year we sang as we moved again
Who'll come a-marching to Berlin with me?

Chorus:

Marching to Berlin, etc
But by the New Year we sang as we moved again,
Who'll come a-marching to Berlin with me?

From Arielli mud and rain, Down into the Liri Plain
We met the para Div once again, and we chased them up the Western shore.
Singing as we sang before, Who'll come a-marching to Berlin with me?

Marching to Berlin, marching to Berlin, Who'll come a-marching to Berlin
with me?

And we chased them up the Western Shore, singing as we sang before
Who'll come a-marching to Berlin with me?

Over the hill-tops, Down the valley, hear the Wops
Crying "Cattivo soldati veni!
They take noc-cox from my Casa anyhow, They leave niente mangiare for me!

"Nienti mangiare, niente mangiare, They leave niente mangiare for me
They take noc-cox from Casa anyhow, They leave niente mangiare for me!

Soon we'll sing another song, For we know it won't be long
The Wops say Tedeschi "Andare vi." There's another tune to play
On the road to Mandalay, Who'll come a-marching to Burma with me?

Marching to Burma, marching to Burma, Who'll come a-marching to Burma
with me?
There's another tune to play, on the road to Mandalay
Who'll come a-marching to Burma. NOT ME!

MARCH PAST OF ROYAL 22ND
REGT VIVE LA CANADIENNE

Vive La Canadienne, Vole Vole Vole
Vive La Canadienne, Et ses Jolie Yeux doux
Est ses Jolie Yeux doux doux doux
Et ses Jolie Yeux doux, Viva La Canadienne, Et ses Jolie Yeux doux.

THE SHINY TWO BRIGADE

I love to hear the music, Of the Shiny Two Brigado
I love to hear the music, Of the Mills hand grenade
I love to hear the music, Of the old whizz-bang.

A'bursting on the parapet, Of the dirty old Allemagno.
I love to hear the music, Of the old Nine-two,
That puts old Jackie Johnson in the shado.
But the best damn music, In the whole wide world
Is the music of the Shiny Two Brigade Tronch Mortars - Whizz, Bang,
Boom.

ITS A LONG LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,
As the streets are paved with gold, sure everyone was gay
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:

Chorus:

It's a long way to Tipperary, It's a long way to go
It's a long way to Tipperary, To the sweetest girl I know!
Goodbye Piccadilly, Farewell, Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary, But my heart's right there!

It's a good time to get acquainted, It's a good time to know
Who's at your right hand, And to cheerily say, Hello.
Good-bye, chilly shoulder, Good-bye glassy stare,
When we all join hands and pull together, We're sure to get there.

LILI MARLENE

Underneath the lantern by the barrack gate,
Darling I remember the way you used to wait
'Twas there that you whispered tenderly
That you lov'd me, you'd always be,
My Lili of the lamplight, My own Lili Marlene.

Orders came for sailing somewhere over there
All confined to barracks was more than I could bear
I know you were waiting in the street, I hear your feet, But could not meet
My Lili of the Lamplight, My own Lili Marlene.

Resting in a billet just behind the line,
Even tho' we're parted your lips are close to mine,
You wait where that lantern softly glows, your sweet face seems
To haunt my dreams, my Lili of the Lamplight,
My own Lili Marlene.

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY

On top of Old Smokey, All covered with snow
I lost my true lover, For courtin' is too slow
For courtin' is a pleasure, And partin' is grief,
And a false hearted lover, Is worse than a thief.
For a thief will just rob you, And take what you have;

But a false hearted lover, Will lead you to the grave
And the grave will decay you, And turn you to dust
There's not one girl in a thousand, That a poor boy can trust.
They'll hug you and kiss you, And tell you more lies
That there are ties on a railroad, Or stars in the skies.
So come all ye young lovers, And listen to me
Never place your affections, On a green willow tree;
For the leaves they will wither, And the roots they will die
And you'll all be forsaken, And never know why.

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town, in the town
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free
And never, never thinks of me.

Chorus:

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee
Do not let this parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part
Adieu Adieu, kind friends, Adieu Adieu
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you
I'll hand my harp on a weeping willow tree
And may the world go well with thee.

THE WHIFFENPOOF SONG

We are poor little lambs, Who have lost our way, Baa, Baa, Baa
We are little black sheep, Who have gone astray, Baa, Baa, Baa
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree, Dancing and singing eternally
Pray have mercy on such as we, Baa, Baa, Baa

To the tables down at Morleys, To the place where Loueys dwell
To that dear old Temple bar we love so well
Where the whiffenpoofs assemble, With their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing casts the spell,
Yes, the magic of their singing, Of the songs we love so well,
I'll be waiting and Havournoon and the rest
And we'll serenade our Lilly, While life and love doth last
Then we'll pass and be forgotten like the rest.

IN A SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN

I'm up in the world, But I'd give the world,
To be where I used to be;
A heavenly nest, Where I rest the best,
Means more than the world to me.

Refrain

It's only a shanty in old Shanty Town,
The roof is so slanty it touches the ground,
But my tumbled down shack, By an old railroad track,
Like a millionaire's mansion, Is calling me back.
I'd give up a palace, if I were a king
It's more than a palace, it's my ev'rything
There's a queen waiting there with a silvery crown
In a shanty in old Shanty Town.

THE BLUE TAIL FLY

When I was young I used to wait, On old massa and give him his plate
Pass the bottle when he got dry, And chase away the blue tail fly.

Chorus:

Jimmy Crack-corn and I don't care, Jimmy Crack-corn and I don't care
Jimmy Crack-corn and I don't care, The masters' gone away.

And when he'd ride in the afternoon, I'd follow after with a hickory broom

The pony being rather shy, When bitten by the blue tail fly.

The pony run, he jump, he pitch, Throw my master in the ditch
He died, the jury wondered why, The verdict was the blue tail fly.

They laid him under a 'simmon tree, His epitaph is there to see
Beneath this tree I'm forced to lie, Victim of the blue tail fly.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I've been working on the railroad, All the live-long day
I've been working on the railroad, Just to pass the time away.
Don't you hear the whistle blowing? Rise up hear the whistle blowing
Rise up so early in the morn. Don't you hear the Captain shouting
Dinah, blow your horn.

Dinah won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn,
Dinah won't you blow, Dinah won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, Someone's in the kitchen I know
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, Strummin on the old banjo.
Singing fee fi fiddley-i-o, Fee fi fiddley-i-ooooo
Fee fi fiddley-i-oooo, Strummin on the old banjo.

Someone's up the mountain with Dinah, Someone's up the mountain I know,
Someone's up the mountain with Dinah, You can tell it by the melting of
the snow

Singing fee fi fiddley-i-o, etc

No one's in the kitchen with Dinah, No one's in the kitchen I know
No one's in the kitchen with Dinah, 'Cause Dinah's got B.O.

SHE'LL BE COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be comin round the mountain when she comes, toot toot,
She'll be comin round the mountain when she comes, toot toot,
She'll be comin round the mountain, She'll be comin round the mountain,
She'll be comin round the mountain when she comes, toot toot.

She'll be drivin eight white horses when she comes, Whoa back,
She'll be drivin eight white horses when she comes, whoa back
She'll be drivin eight white horses, She'll be drivin eight white horses,
She'll be drivin eight white horses when she comes, whoa back, toot toot.

We will all go down to meet her when she comes, Hi Babe
We will all go down to meet her when she comes, Hi Babe
We will all go down to meet her, We will all go down to meet her,
We will all go down to meet her when she comes, Hi Babe, Whoa Back, Toot Toot.

She'll be wearing red pyjamas when she comes, whistle
She'll be wearing red pyjamas when she comes, whistle
She'll be wearin red pyjamas, She'll be wearin red pyjamas,
She'll be wearin red pyjamas when she comes, whistle, Hi Babe, Whoa Back,
Toot toot.

We will kill the old red rooster when she comes, Hack hack
We will kill the old red rooster when she comes, Hack hack
We will kill the old red rooster, We will kill the old red rooster
We will kill the old red rooster when she comes, hack hack, Whistle, Hi Babe,
Whoa Back, Toot Toot

Oh we'll all have chicken dumplings when she comes, Yum Yum REPEAT
Oh we'll all have chicken dumplings, REPEAT
Oh we'll all have chicken dumplings when she comes, Yum Yum, Hack Hack,
Whistle, Hi Babe, Whoa Back, Toot Toot

Oh she'll have to sloop with Grandpaw when she comes, SNORE REPEAT

Oh she'll have to sleep with Grandpaw, REPEAT
Oh she'll have to sleep with Grandpaw when she comes, Snore, Yum Yum, Hack
Hack, Whistle, Hi Babe, Whoa Back, Toot Toot!

CLEMENTINE

In a cabin, in a canyon, Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a minor, forty-niner, And his daughter Clementine.

Chorus:

Oh my darling, Oh my darling, Oh my darling Clementine!
Thou art lost and gone forever, Dreadful sorry Clementine.
Light she was and like a fairy, And her shoes were number nine,
Herring-boxes, without topses, Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water, Ev'ry morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter, Fell into the foaming brine.

Saw her lips above the water, Blowing bubbles mighty fine
But alas! I was no swimmer, So I lost my Clementine.

In a corner of the churchyard, Where the myrtle boughs entwine,
Grow the roses in their posies, Fertilized by Clementine.

Then the minor, forty-niner, Soon began to peak and pine
Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter, now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, Robed in garments soaked in brine
Now she's dead I'll draw the line.

BEER BARREL POLKA

Roll out the barrel, We'll have a barrel of fun, Roll out the barrel
We've got the blues on the run, Zing! Boon! Ta-rar-rel -
Ring out a song of good cheer, now's the time to roll the barrel
For the gang's all here.

THE STRIP POLKA

There's a burlesque theatre, Where the boys love to go
To see Queeny, the cuty, of the burlesque show
And the hit of the evening, Is when Queeny strips
And the band plays the polka while she strips.

Chorus:

Take it off, take it off, Cry the boys in the rear
Take it off, take it off, Soon that's all you hear.
But she's always a lady, Even in pantomime
And she stops, But only just in time.

She's as fresh and as wholesome, As the flowers in May
And she hopes to retire to the farm some day.
But you can't buy a farm, 'till you're up in the chips
So the band plays the polka while she strips.

Take it off, take it off, All the customers shout,
Take it off, take it off, While the band beats it out.
But she's always a lady, even in pantomime
And she stops, But only just in time.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home, I'm tired and I wanna go to bed
I had a little drink about an hour ago, And it's gone right to my head.
No matter where I roam, o'er land or sea or foam
You will always hear me singing this song, Show me the way to go home.

Chorus:

One beer for one, Two Beers for Two, Three Beers for three,
More beer for me.

Indicate the way to my abode, I'm fatigued and I want to retire,
Now I had a little drink sixty minutes ago, And it's gone right to my
cerebellum.

No matter where I perambulate, over land or sea or atmospheric vapour
You will always hear me harmonizing this rhapsody
Indicate the way to my abode.

JUST A WEE DOCH-AN'-DORIS

Just a wee dooch-an'-doris, Just a wee drap that's a'
Just a wee dooch-an'-doris, Before we gang awa'
There's a wee wifie waitin', With a wee bairn or two
For is you can say "It's a braw brecht moonlicht necht:
Yer a-rocht, that's a'.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT BAG

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile
While you've a lucifer to light your fag, smile boys that's the style
It never was worthwhile, So pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.

I WISH I WAS SINGLE AGAIN

When I was single, 'h then, Oh then, When I was single, Oh then
When I was single, My money did jingle
I wish I was single again.
I married me a wife, Oh then, Oh then
I married me a wife, Oh then
I married me a wife, she's the plague of my life,
And I wish I was single again, again, I wish I was single again.

HERE'S TO GOOD OLD BEER

Here's to good old beer, drink her down, drink her down
Here's to good old beer, drink her down, drink her down
Here's to good old beer, it makes you feel so queer
Here's to good old beer, drink her down, down, down,
Here's to good old whiskey, it makes you feel so frisky.
Here's to good old brandy, makes you feel just fine and dandy
Here's to sparkling ale, it keeps you well and hale
Here's to good old wine, it makes you feel so fine
Here's to good old sherry, it makes you feel so merry
Here's to old vermouth, it makes you so uncouth.

I AM A BACHELOR

Now I am a bachelor I live by myself, And I work at the weavers trade
And the only only thing that I ever did wrong, was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the summertime, And in the winter too
And the only only thing that I ever did wrong, was to shield her from the
foggy foggy dew.

Now one dark night she came to my bed, When I lay fast asleep
She laid her head upon my bed, And then began to weep.
She sighed, she cried, she damn near died, And what was I to do
So I took her into bed and covered up her head, Just to shield her from the
foggy foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor, I live with my son, and we work at the weavers trade
And every time that I look into his eyes, He reminds me of a fair young maid.
He reminds me of the summer time, and of the winter too,
And the many many times that I hold her in my arms, Just to shield her from
the foggy foggy dew.

DARLING NELLIE GRAY

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore
There I've whiled many happy hours away
A sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

CHORUS:

Oh! My poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away
And I'll never see my darling any more
I'm sitting by the river, and I'm weeping all the day
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climb'd the mountain, and the stars were shining too
Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,
And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe
While my banjo sweetly I would play.

One night I went to see her, but "She's gone," the neighbors say
The white man bound her with his chain,
They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

My canoe is under water, and my banjo is un-strung
I'm tired of living any more
My eyes shall look down ward and my song shall be un-sung
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see the way
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door.
Oh! I hear the angels calling and I see my Nelly Gray
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.
Oh! my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there, they say
That they'll never take you from me any more
I'm a coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

I met my little bright eyed doll, Down by the river side
Down by the river side, Down by the river side,
I met my little bright eyed doll, Down by the river side
Down by the river side, Down by the river side.

I asked her for a little kiss, Down by the river side
Down by the river side, down by the river side
I asked her for a little kiss, Down by the river side,
Down by the river side.

She said, Have patience little man, I'm sure you'll understand
I hardly know your name. I said if I can have my way
Maybe some sweet day, My name and yours will be the same.
She smiled at me and I could see.

I wed my little bright eyed doll, Down by the river side (3)
I wed my little bright eyed doll, Down by the river side (3)
I wed my little bright eyed doll, Down by the river side, Down by the river
side.

ABDUL THE BULBUL AMEER

The sons of the prophet are hardy and bold, and quite unaccustomed to fear
But of all the most reckless of life and of limb, Was Abdul, the Bulbul Ameor.
When they needed a man to encourage the van, or to shout "Hul-la-loo" in the
rear

Or to stern a redoubt, they straightaway sent out, for Abdul the Bulbul Ameor.

There were heroes in plenty, and well known to fame, In the ranks that are
led by the Czar
But the bravest of all was a man of the name, of Ivan Potrovski Skovar.

He could imitate Irving, play euchre or pool, and perform on the Spanish guitar.
In fact quite the cream of the Muscovite team, was Ivan Petrovski Skovar.

One morning the Russian had shouldered his gun, and put on his most cynical sneer

When going down town he happened to run, into Abdul the Bulbul Anoor.
Said the Abdul, "Young man, is existence so dull, that you're anxious to end your career

For infidel know that you've trod on the toe, of Abdul the Bulbul Anoor."

Said the Russian, "My friend, your remarks in the end, will only prove futile I fear

For I mean to imply, you are going to die, Mr Abdul the Bulbul Anoor."
The Bulbul so bold swore a swear, it is told, which brought people in crowds from afar,

Then fiercely intent upon slaughter he went, for Ivan Petrovski Skovar.

But just as his knife was ending his life, In fact he had shouted "Huzza"
He felt himself struck by that subtle Calmuk, Bold Ivan Petrovski Skovar.
When the Sultan rode up the disturbance to quell, Or to give to the victor a cheer

He arrived just in time to take hasty farewell, of Abdul the Bulbul Anoor.

There's a grave where the wave of the Danube doth roll, And on it engraven so clear

Is, "Stranger, remember to pray for the soul, of Abdul the Bulbul Anoor."
But a Muscovite maiden her vigil doth keep, In her home 'neath the cold northern star

And the name she so tenderly murmurs in sleep, Is "Ivan Petrovski Skovar".

BUFFALO GALS

As I went walkin' down the street, Down the street, down the street
A lovely gal I chanced to meet, Oh, she was fair to view.

Chorus:

Oh, Buffalo gal will ye come out tonight, come out tonight, come out tonight
Buffalo gal will ye come out tonight, and dance by the light of the moon.

I asked her if she'd have some talk, have some talk, have some talk,
Her feet covered up the whole sidewalk, As she stood by my side.

I'd like to make that gal my wife, gal my wife, gal my wife,
I would be happy all my life, If I had her by my side.

JAMBALAYA

Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and fillet gumbo
'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my na cher amie
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gayo
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun, on the bayou.

Goodbye Joe, no gotta go, no oh my oh
No gotta go pole the pirogue down the bayou
My Yvonne the sweetest one, no oh my oh
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun, on the bayou.

(Thi-bo-daux, Fontain-eaux, the place is buzzin'
Kin-folk come to see Yvonne by the dozen
Dress in style and go hog wild, no oh my oh
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun, on the bayou.

HARBOR LIGHTS

I saw the harbour lights, They only told me we were parting
The same old harbour lights, That once brought you to me.

I watched the harbour lights, How could I help if tears were starting?
Goodbye to tender nights, Beside the silvery sea.
I longed to hold you near and kiss you just once more
But you were on the ship and I was on the shore.
Now I know lonely nights, For all the while my heart is whispering
Some other harbour lights, Will steal your love from me.

I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR LEAF CLOVER

I'm looking over a four leaf clover, That I overlooked before!
One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain, Third is the roses that grow
in the lane
No need explaining the one remaining, is somebody I adore
I'm looking over a four leaf clover, that I overlooked before.

I'LL BE SEEING YOU

Cathedral bells were tolling and our hearts sang on,
Was it the spell of Paris or the April dawn?
Who knows, if we shall meet again,
But when the morning chimes sing sweet again;
I'll be seeing you, In all the old familiar places
That my heart and mind embraces, all day through
In that small cafe, the park across the way, The children's carousel,
The Chestnut trees, the wishing well.
I'll be seeing you, in every lovely summer's day, in everything that's
light and gay
I'll always think of you that way, I'll find you in the morning sun
And when the night is new, I'll be looking at the moon, But I'll be
seeing you.

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam, where the deer and the antelope
play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word, And the skies are not cloudy
all day.

Chorus:

Home, home on the range, Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word, and the skies are not cloudy
all day.

Where the air is so pure and the zephyrs so free,
That I would not exchange my home on the range, For all of the cities so
bright.

How often at night when the heavens are bright,
With the light from the glittering stars
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

FOR ME AND MY GAL

The bells are ringing, for me and my gal, The birds are singing, for me
and my gal

Everybody's been knowing, to a wedding they're going
And for weeks they've been sewing, every Susie and Sal
They're congregating, for me and my gal, The parson's waiting, for me and
my gal

Home for two, for three or four or more, in love land, for me and my gal.

APRIL SHOWERS

Though April showers may come your way, They bring the flowers that bloom in
May
So if it's raining, have no regrets, Because it isn't raining rain, you know,
Its raining violets.

And where you see clouds upon the hills, You soon will see crowds of
daffodils
So keep on looking for a bluebird, And listening for his song,
Whenever April showers come along.

THERE'S A LONG LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a-winding, Into the land of my dreams
Where the nightingales are singing, And a white moon beams
There's a long, long night of waiting, Until my dreams all come true
Till the day when I'll be going down, That long, long trail with you.